THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(*Continued from page* 132.)

LETTER XXXVIII.

THE comfortable accommodation of a good inn enabled us to undertake the ascent of the Montanvert, the next day, but the mules, which we set out upon, could only carry us about halfway up, and it was necessary to perform the rest of the expedition on foot: this our ladies prepared themselves for, with courage, and each placing herself between two guides, who walked before and behind her, and resting with either hand upon two poles, the extremities of which were held horizontally by the guides, moved slowly forwards, while the others of us walked singly. We ascended in this manner about three miles, from where the mules were left, stopping frequently to take breath, and admiring, at every pause, the beauty of the valley below us, in which the narrow fields of grain, of clover, and of potatoes, seemed spread along like ribbons. I took occasion to inform the guides that they were obliged to the country I and my fellow-travellers came from, for the introduction of potatoes, and excited their admiration by telling them of the distance at which we lived, and the ocean we had sailed over. We passed below many fragments of rock, which seemed to have been accidentally impeded on their descent towards the foot of the mountain, and over some steep gullies where a person committing himself to his own weight would have descended with frightful velocity. We approached at length to an open space: it was a small pasturage, and there was a hut and another small build-

ing of apparently elegant construction, which seemed ready for our reception; but the sensation of fatigue gave way to that of admiration or surprize, when on moving across the narrow space which terminated the ascent, we found ourselves on the brink of another valley, broader than that of Chamouny, and filled up to within a few hundred feet with ice which rose into a variety of forms and inequalities—this is the place described by travellers as the sea of ice, and which extending for several miles, and bordered by high, inaccessible, and naked rocks of granite, and opening from place to place into frightful chasms, seems the seat of eternal winter. If you can suppose for a moment the valley which leads through the S. W. mountains from immediately behind the house at Belvoir filled up with snow blown from the neighbouring heights, and that snow compressed by its own weight and connected into one mass by the water which trickling through from the surface becomes frozen as it descends, and the extremity of this mighty mass protruded into the old fields, and ending abruptly, and a rapid stream issuing from below it, you may form some idea of what a glacier is. Mr. Coxe gives a very good description of the scene which was now before us, availing himself of those who have gone before him, and particularly of Mr. de Saussure—so entirely indeed does he confine his narration to what was already written, that had he not told us that he put crampons to his shoes, and that he afterwards refreshed himself with cold victuals, his description might have been supposed the production of some laborious compiler in a garret. We left some of our company at the top of the mountain, and descending with the others to the surface of the sea of ice, advanced upon it with great caution, as you may imagine, for about 150 yards: on all sides there was to be heard a rush of waters, and there were crevices the very idea of approaching which was painful, and inequalities like the waves of a high sea; after surveying the scene about us for some time, and hearing the effects of the large fragments of rock which our guides rolled into the crevices, we ascended again, and having registered our names in a sort of temple of fame, which the edifice generously erected by a Monsieur Desportes for the protection of travellers, has been converted into, and on the same pannel with those of Mr. and Mrs. Darby, whom you must remember at —— we commenced our return towards the valley taking another road for that purpose, and descending towards the source of the Arveiron, which is at the lower extremity of the sea of ice, and 2782 perpendicular feet below the edifice on Montanvert. We were too late in the year to enjoy the sublime beauties of this view, as they are described by travellers: the immense arch of ice of 100 feet in height and broad in proportion had lately fallen in, but various tints of colour from a pale white to a deep green diversified the surface, which rose abruptly and ended in piramidical forms, while the Aiguille de Dru one of the naked rocks of granite which I mentioned as appearing to bound the valley of ice was visible above all rising like an immense obelisk to the stupendous height of upwards of 9000 feet from the spot we stood on. What added to the singularity of the scene before us were the forest trees which cover the sides of the

Montanvert, and of the opposite mountain, from the bosom of which the glacier descends. It was now late in the day, we returned to our inn along the meadows and well cultivated fields of the valley. The whole of this country has undergone very great alterations, and by very violent means: the glaciers were evidently 1500 feet more elevated at some distant period than they are now, and the strata of several of the mountains we had passed on the road to Chamouny are not only vertical but what is still more difficult to be accounted for they may be almost said to form segments of circles: perhaps upon the sudden withdrawing of the great mass of waters in the depths of which these mountains were formed by successive accumulations of some soft material, their foundations gave way as the earth became dry, and they thus assumed by the extention of some parts, and the contraction of others those singular appearances which we now behold. I have already mentioned in a former letter the evident marks to be met with of the sea having covered the tops of very lofty mountains, and it is certain that the extremity of the eminence immediately behind the little village of St. Martin, near Salenche, which rises to the height of upwards of 6000 feet is entirely composed of marine fossils. As to the former altitude of the glaciers, it is inferred by the sort of immense detached rocks remaining in different places where no other power we know of but that of the glaciers can have conveyed them, and where they have been left on the slope of the valley, as the ebb tide leaves pebbles on the beach of the ocean.

LETTER XXXIX.

Our third and last day in this happy valley was chiefly employed in visiting the Glacier de Buisson, which is of very easy access. The road lay for a little way along the river side amid small clusters of houses, each of which was generally provided with an oratory, in which the figure of the Virgin, with the holy infant in her arms, appears as in an oven behind a grating of wire, and at the top is a sacred promise made by the Bishop, that so many prayers said in that spot will operate as a mitigation of so many days in Purgatory: we Protestants, it is true, are no more to be persuaded of the good Bishop's knowledge or power upon the occasion, than we are of Dulcinea's disenchantment in virtue of Sancho's scourging himself; but to the sincere Catholick it is a very different affair, and though one, not even a Bishop perhaps, notwithstanding what the Catholicks believe, can tell how far the promise may hold good with respect to purgatory, we may any of us venture to assert, that a person who would devoutly pour out his soul in prayer before an object connected in his mind with an idea of the Supreme Being, would be less likely than another to incur punishment hereafter. I have often lamented that the improvement of the human mind could not have gone on and left the ancient system of religion undisturbed: but to return to the glacier, we approached by a gentle slope, and halted for a moment in a wood to admire the striking and beautiful contrast which is created by the cones of ice, as they rise up at a distance like the minarets of a Moorish town, and glitter through the trees. The ascent became afterwards more rapid, and the cones appeared in all their singular magnificence of height, and structure: there seemed to be many of them higher than the tal-

lest trees, while the base of solid ice they rested upon must be some hundred feet in thickness. As this part of the glacier is uninterruptedly connected with a great mass of ice and snow stretching towards the upper regions of Mont Blanc for an extent of perhaps seven or eight miles, and as the valley it rests upon is in this place extremely rapid, the probability is that immense fragments moving down confusedly together have been brought to assume their present appearance by the joint operation of the rain and of the sun. A little higher up and where the ascent is for a short space much less steep, the glacier may be crossed with safety; and we walked deliberately along under the direction of our guides upon the bed of ice. It was a warm day in August, and that circumstance added not a little to the novelty of every thing about us. We undertook no distant excursions either here or upon the sea of ice, or on Mont Blanc; but you may form a very good idea of the accidents to which persons who make those perilous attempts are exposed by reading M. de Saussure, or Mr. Coxe, who has followed him very exactly: that a hunter who has been from his infancy accustomed to the sight of precipices, should be instigated by the desire of providing for his family, by the love of a sort of glory, and by the animation of pursuit to risk his life amid the frightful wilds "of covered pits unfathomably deep," does not surprise me, but I am, I confess, astonished that the desire of novelty and that the objects even of Monsieur de Saussure's curiosity should lead any one to incur the danger of putting an end to his existence in this wilderness; the danger arises very much from what Thomson, who seems to have been inspired, calls "Those precipices huge, smoothed o'er with snow." It is not long since a person walking upon the surface of a neighbouring mountain, and on a part always covered with snow, suddenly disappeared to the great horrour of his companions: in as short a time as possible ropes were procured, and a resolute mountaineer was let down through the same orifice; at the depth of between two and three hundred feet were found the remains of the unhappy traveller; he had been precipitated between two walls of ice which approached as they descended, and had been compressed to death by the shock; still, however, the ice immediately before his mouth had the appearance of having been slightly thawed, so that he must have survived his fall for at least three or four minutes. A monument by the road side on the way to Chamouny records his name, and his misfortune, and gives a wholesome caution to travellers. On our way back to Chamouny, I observed several of the inhabitants gathering Elm leaves, which were to be put up and used as fodder during the winter, the length of which induces them to neglect no means of providing for their cattle. It frequently happens, that the snow remains to the thickness of a foot in the month of April, but those who are desirous of sowing their grain as soon as possible, are careful to accelerate the thaw by scattering handfuls of dark earth over the surface of the snow. The custom of the valley is to make an equal division of their fields between grass, grain, and vegetables of various kinds, and to transfer the different sorts of labour and culture every six years. Their cows form the principal article of their

wealth, for cheese is the only thing they make for sale. In addition to what they possess in the valley, many individuals have little tracts of pasturage at a distance, and all have a common right to that of the mountain, where they send their cows under the care of a herdsman, and a maker of cheese who is in some places called the fruiterer; and in order that a fair division of the produce may be made, the owners of the cows attend in person, eight days after the pasturage is open, and again on the 15th or 16th of August; the cows are milked and the milk is weighed in their presence, and according to the produce of those two days is their proportion of butter and cheese regulated. The people of the valley are universally civil to strangers; they are intelligent also and conversible; like those of their class in every part of Europe, they are superstitious, and the more so perhaps, as sailors are, from the dangers to which they are frequently exposed: No voyage at sea can indeed exceed in danger or fatigue the excursions of a hunter; and the idea is that when a man loses his life amid the chasms of the ice or the precipices of the mountain his ghost is sure to appear at night to the persons whom he loved best. They are attached to the observance of their religion, but appear to regret their former Seigneurs, the Benedictines, less than I expected. There is something generally odious, I presume, in Feudal tenures, and men are too apt to forget that these form frequently the only price given by their ancestors for the land which they inhabit; some of these tenures were rather ludicrous than oppressive; the representative of the Seigniory had a right for instance to place his leg with a boot on in the bed of a new married lady, and to keep it there a certain time, but the exercise of the right was always bought off by a haunch of chamois, or a saddle of mutton. Monsieur de Saussure whose name I have so often mentioned to you, thought very advantageously of the people of this valley, and has related several characteristick traits of their manners and conversation. "I went once, says he, as I decended weary from the mountains into a lonely hut, and asked for a bowl of milk, which was immediately and cheerfully handed me by the owner of it, a woman of good appearance, who having lost her husband, and her brothers by an epidemical disorder, was left with two young children and an infant in the cradle. After hearing that I was a Genevois and consequently a Protestant, she could not she said bring herself to believe, that all of my persuasion were to be consigned to eternal punishment in another world; that many Protestants were good people, and God was too just not to make a distinction between the good and bad of all sects. But we know nothing of these things after all, however, continued she, for of the numbers who have departed, not one has ever returned! for my part, how have I not lamented my husband and my brothers? how have I not conjured them to impart to me where they are removed to, and what is their present situation? Ah! surely if they existed at all they would not leave me in this state of wretched uncertainty; but perhaps I am not worthy of such a favour, perhaps the pure untainted souls of those children enjoy the comfort of their presence, and a happiness which I must not aspire to."

We now prepared to set off on our return to Geneva, the ladies

with the nurse rode in the charabanc as when they came, but I had prepared a better conveyance for ———: A guide of Chamouny, who without one atom of superfluous flesh, was as big a man as your neighbour Mr. ——, and as surefooted as a mule, bore her in his arms over all the bad road, which lasted nearly 20 miles. The charabanc as you will perceive by the drawing near you is a kind of rude sopha upon four low wheels and with short axle trees; it is easily taken to pieces, and two men convey all the parts of it over a narrow bridge in four turns. The group by the water side will interest you as taken from the life, and far on the left of the road you may figure to yourself the spot where the mower was at work; he called out to us, I remember, we could not hear what he said but there was an expression of exultation in his voice. I have referred you to Coxe for an account of the towns through which we passed, they are generally small and dirty with narrow streets, and some mouldering remains of walls; none of them have an air of prosperity but each has a history made up of the usual events, and going back to a period far beyond the time when Columbus began to reason on the form of the globe. The Savoyarde nation is well spoken of, but they appear deficient in energy. Those who inhabit and cultivate the little scattered and almost inaccessible spots of good land among the mountains must be active and industrious, but the inhabitants of the more fertile vallies seem careless how they live, or how they clothe themselves, and are in general the least handsome race of people I ever beheld.

For The Port Folio.

AN ORATION

On the encouragement of genius in America,

Spoken at the late Commencement in the University of Pennsylvania.

By Mr. EDWARD INGERSOLL.

At a period when the whole political world seems lost in the hopes of conquest or the fears of ruin, science still advances, and literature is cultivated with ardour and success. Remote from the scenes of war, the philosopher of America smiles with serenity on its distant ravages, and traces the path of learning with unwearied step. Surrounded with every advantage that a government the most free, a situation the most prosperous, and a tranquillity nearly uninterrupted can bestow—have the arts and sciences been cultivated with that ardour and zeal they so richly merit, and have they advanced in improvement as rapidly as is compatible with their want of age and of maturity? To question the genius that warms, or the vigour of native intellect that animates the American breast would be sacrilege against the deities of truth; the hardiest foe to our interest has not breathed the insinuation. But it has been argued, and powerful attempts have been made to show, that the bright gems produced by nature have been suffered to lose their lustre by neglect, and that the fairest flowers have wasted their luxuriance in a desert and uncongenial air. On a subject fruitful in actual evidence, abstract reasoning is but a tedious mode of proof. Let me then conduct your view to established facts, and illustrate my argument with the most striking examples.

Those nations that have appeared in their meridian, most con-

spicuous for their love of learning and refinement in philosophy and the arts, have always passed their dawn in the midst of tumult and the din of arms. Hence it has become an axiom in political science that glory in war is the unerring harbinger of eminence in literature. What nation then has so just a claim to hope for superiority in letters as that, which in its earliest infancy, destroyed with a heroick struggle the armies of a mighty nation, and rose on the ruins of an empire overthrown?

That in the course of a few short years not many monuments of genius should be erected, is not surprising; it is rather, wonderful, that we should be able to discern already in the horizon of literature, here and there a glimmering star. Should we compare our infancy with that of any other nation since the flood, there is not one in the universe that can stand the test. The instruments of war had but just been buried in a luxuriant soil, when in a moment, in their room, arose over the whole continent halls of science not yet grown into maturity, but fair in prospect and worthy to support the fondest hopes. Can the establishments of yesterday be expected to rise like the men of Cadmus full grown and completely armed? *Can* they equal institutions erected literally on the rock of ages? Nearly a thousand years ago, the genius of learning hailed the appearance of the University of Oxford. During almost all that time, it has been growing perpetually in merit and in fame; and though at first it had to struggle with the disadvantages of a barbarous age, and like our nurseries of science, for a season seemed to droop under the chilling frowns of neglect; yet its obscurity was shortlived—its eminence is the fruit of centuries. If it has improved only with the years of the nation it adorns, if we can trace its gradual rise from insignificance to fame, its slowly progressive steps through every stage, have we not reason for gratulation, rather than reproach on the appearance of many of *our* seminaries?

Still with such shining instances before us, to flash conviction on the mind, the neglect of literature in America has been so often mentioned, that its frequent repetition has at length almost enforced belief. A thousand accusations are adduced as unfounded as devoid of reason; and many more, whose reality will not make them important. We are condemned for suffering our men of genius to seek wealth or knowledge abroad, and we are referred for examples worthy of imitation to the enlightened republicks of Greece and Rome. But it is impossible for a nation to be so great that it may not receive improvement and instruction from others: much more then should it be the duty of a country hardly escaped from the trammels of infancy, to endeavour, by every means, to shine for a season even by the borrowed light of brighter orbs. Rome sent forth her scholars and her philosophers to reap instruction from the academies of Greece. She received and welcomed their professours within her walls, and became inflamed with a love of science, only by an intercourse with that more refined and polished nation.

The disciples of learning in Greece did not hesitate to wander over distant realms in quest of knowledge. They constantly left the scenes of their childhood and explored the regions of Persia, of Egypt, and of India—they received instruction from their magi,

and their priests, and after enriching their minds with the stores of learning abroad, retraced their steps, and diffused their acquirements at home; or sometimes departed like Pythagoras, never to return.

Is there a nation in the world where rewards so speedy and unfailing are held forth to the aspiring and meritorious genius? In the records of America, is there one solitary instance of wretched merit or despairing talents? Either in the elegant accomplishments which adorn and diversify the path of life, or in the severer studies calculated for the contemplative mind has there been an example of the contempt or obloquy of the world? Have not, on the contrary, the smiles of the country been extended towards every laudable undertaking, and a protecting arm been held forth to support its efforts? Has poverty or ruin been the portion of a single legitimate child of genius? If not, come with me to the metropolis of the commercial world, to the boasted asylum of science and the arts. There, where every gale is said to waft on its bosom encouragement to learning, I will show you the miserable haunts where Savage sunk under the stroke of infamy—the couch on which Otway wasted in the arms of death, bequeathing the richest legacy to his ungrateful country—I will show you the grave of Chatterton bedewed with the Muses' tears, and the abode where Dermody expired in all the wretchedness of want. Or I will conduct you to the scenes, over which the spirit of Milton now hovers in all the eminence of fame—scenes *once* disgraced by his misfortunes. Then, turning to reflections more grateful to the feelings, you will behold in America, the oratour encircled with wealth and with renown—the historian cherished and admired—the scholar supported, encouraged, and protected.

It is true, we have not heard the *thunders of a Demosthenes;* but we have not been cursed with the collision of a Philip, to burst the passing cloud. We have not seen *the conflagration of a Tully;* because the torch of impending ruin has not appeared to kindle the flame. *The scintillations of a Curran* are only conspicuous in a clouded atmosphere, and never could have shone in our brighter sky. But the eloquence of our forum in those departments which have been called into existence, of our pulpits, and our legislatures, has, in many instances, equalled the proudest display of European genius. It is not on the smooth surface of a gentle wave that skill can be displayed or dexterity called into action. In the fury of the winter's storm alone the superiour mind shines conspicuously. We have as yet been blessed with the serenity of peace. May Heaven avert the moment when the hardiest bosoms must oppose the torrent, and use their influence in the whirlwind's blast.

Our arts, nurtured in the lap of Liberty, must flourish. Though power may remove from foreign realms their boasted works of genius, and adorn its palaces with the trophies of decayed magnificence, yet the vital spring of liberty is necessary to animate and encourage the cultivators of science. A single age of tyranny may produce a luxuriant harvest, but the fruit must cease to flourish if shaded from the sun of freedom. Was it in the court of Asiatick despotism that literature was always worshipped and adored? or was it among

the free and enterprising citizens of Athens and of Rome?

In a country like America where freedom enjoys a tranquillity uninterrupted either by the frowns of tyranny or the restraints of superstition, learning must advance with a rapid and undeviating pace. From the nature of our government every inducement is presented to the votary of science to prosecute his labours, for he will enjoy in serenity their productions; from the liberality of his fellow-citizens, he is possessed of an unerring road to wealth and distinction, to honour and to fame. By the oppressions of the ancient world, driven to seek for shelter in more congenial climes, may we not hope the sciences will render this their secure abode, and as with our arms we once threw off the yoke of foreign bondage, with our arts may we not fondly expect to enlighten and adorn the world?

From the Providence Gazette.

THE ADELPHIAD.—No. 101.

There are few descriptions of persons who have been of more benefit to the world than travellers —who,

Wand'ring from clime to clime observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd;

and have given a true account of their discoveries; as the information they communicate has great influence in enlarging the human mind, and it renders us more familiarly acquainted with the great family of mankind, as well as the geographical situation of different countries. But the travellers who have "traversed Judah's barren sand"—some to confirm and some to destroy the doctrines of Christianity—those who have brought to our view the classical remains of Egypt, Greece and Italy—or those who have taken a wider range among the unknown nations of Asia, however they may delight or satisfy our curiosity, do not interest the best feelings of the heart so strongly as those who have chiefly directed their attention to the manners of men. In this point of view, some have been of opinion that Sterne, and his numerous imitators, have refined too much—but I now have a work before me, to the authour whereof that objection will not apply. I allude to the *Stranger in Ireland*, a very pleasing performance, published by John Carr, Esq; the well known authour of *A Northern Summer*, or, *Travels round the Baltick*; the *Stranger in France*, &c.

The work entitled, the Stranger in Ireland, shows Mr. Carr to be truly a philosophical traveller, whose views are directed to the best interests of mankind. In publishing the account of his tour in Ireland, he says, "I have been prompted alone by an ardent desire of affording my humble contribution towards ameliorating the condition of a country, which, with some exceptions, has laboured under the foulest misrepresentations and aspersions." Faithful to this principle, Mr. Carr has, with much liberality and candour, given such traits in the character of the Irish people as came under his observation; and he appears to have been convinced by experience, that the character of the Irish was truly delineated by the celebrated counsellor Curran, who says, "the hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity or convention; in savage nations, of the first; in polished, of the latter; but the hos-

pitality of an Irishman is not the running account of posted and ledgered courtesies, as in other countries; it springs, like all his other qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from the heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is sociable, and he is hospitable." "The gentlemen of Ireland act on sudden impulse; but that impulse is the result of a warm heart, a strong head, and great personal determination."—The common people "are by nature penetrating, sagacious, artful and comick." I am happy to see this character confirmed by so intelligent a stranger as Mr. Carr, because when a man pronounces a very high eulogium on his own country, it appears like a species of egotism, and does not receive the entire assent of the mind.

Were the benevolent intentions of Mr. Carr carried into effect, they would be productive of much benefit both to England and Ireland, as the respectable part of the inhabitants of those renowned islands are very little known to each other. The English, particularly, form their opinion of the Irish from a few straggling fortune-hunters, and the labouring part of the community, who emigrate to England in considerable numbers. Mr. Carr observes, that in Spencer's time the wild Irish were believed to have wings sprouting from the shoulders, and it was lawful to shoot them, like any other winged animal; and even to the present moment the genuine character of the Irish is but little known on this side of the water."

Our authour gives us many instances of archness, wit and humour, among the lowest classes of the Irish—as a sample, I will transcribe one of his anecdotes. "In one of their late revolutionary battles, a rebel hair-dresser ran up to the muzzle of a cannon, to which an artillery-man was just applying the match, and thrusting his wig into its mouth, exclaimed, the moment before he was blown to atoms, by——I have stopped your mouth, my honey, for this time." The vices of the lower order of Irish are attributed, principally, to the want of education, which "has never beamed upon the poor Irishman; sentiments of honour have never been instilled into him; and a spirit of just and social pride, improvement and enterprize, have never opened upon him." But it seems the Irish have pride enough to prevent their accepting charitable donations (except in the large towns) nor will they suffer their children to be educated on eleemosynary principles.

At the fairs, wakes, and other places of amusement for the lower classes, clubs and broken heads are among the principal ingredients which afford them pleasure; but among the higher ranks, it is pleasing to observe that duelling, on the most ridiculous and frivolous occasions, is very much discountenanced, and on the decline.

Mr. Carr appears to have been enraptured by his views of the "Green Island," and he fully assents to the remark of Lord Chesterfield, that "God has done every thing for it; man, nothing." He concludes that "Heaven never committed to any government the care of a country upon which SHE has been more prodigally bountiful; for, independently of the genius of the people, Ireland throughout rests upon a bed of the richest manure: towards thesea, she has sand, shells and weed; inland she abounds with limestone, gravel,

limestone marl, and other natural manures; her rivers and sorrounding seas are all propitious to commerce, and are open to all quarters of the world. The Shannon, the Liffey, the Lee, the Sair, the Ban, the Boyne, the Blackwater, and other rivers, her creeks, her numerous, vast and beautiful lakes, abound with fish of various descriptions, and, with little assistance from the hand of man, can be formed into canals, which might easily unite the centre and extremities of the island: upon the seas which surround her, vessels from the most distant regions can approach her coasts in the most tempestuous weather with safety: within a circuit of 750 miles, it has been estimated she possesses 66 secure harbours; the fertility of the country, with a slender exception, is uncommonly luxuriant; her climate is soft and salubrious, her bogs demonstrate her former consequence, and *can be* and are rapidly *reclaiming;* an inexhaustible stratum of coal is ready *to supply its turf;* and her peasantry without having tasted much of happiness and prosperity, possess all the essential qualities by which both are deserved, and can be enjoyed and promoted."

Among the prejudices of the Irish, some appear extraordinary. They will not admit that any country but theirs produces good potatoes—*or that an English hen can lay a fresh egg.* Z.

BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas D'Urfey, Esq. bred to the bar, with too much wit for the law, and too little to live by that only, experienced all the varied fortunes of men who have not great abilities, and who trust to their pens entirely for their support. Little more is known of D'Urfey's family, than that he was a native of Devonshire. His plays are numerous, his poems less so: the former have not been acted for many years, and the latter are seldom read. He has been compared to Cibber; but we must not rank the laureat with the agreeable D'Urfey, on whose shoulders Charles II would often lean, and hum a tune with him, and who frequently entertained queen Ann by singing catches and glees. Honest Tom, a tory, was beloved by the tories, yet equally beloved by the whigs. The authour of the prologue to D'Urfey's last play, speaks thus of him:

"Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
"The comick Tom abounds in other treasure."

Addison often pleaded for his friend, and remarks, "He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him easy, as long as he stays among us. This," adds he, "I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, good-natured man." D'Urfey died at a good old age, February 26, 1723, and was buried in the cemetery of St. James's Church, Westminster. D'Urfey and Bello, a musician, had high words once at Epsom, and swords were resorted to, but with great caution. A brother wit maliciously compared this rencontre with that mentioned in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, between Clinias and Dametas.

I sing of a duel in Epsom befel
'Twixt fa sol la D'Urfey and sol la my Bell,
But why do I mention the scribbling brother?
For naming the one, you may guess at the other.
Betwixt them there happened a terrible clutter;
Bell set up the loud pipes, and D'Urfey did sputter.
"Draw, Bell, wert thou dragon, I'll spoil thy soft note:"
"Thy squalling, said t'other, for I'll cut thy throat."

With a scratch on the finger the duel's despatched;
Thy Clinias, O Sidney, was never so matched,

—

Sir Samuel Garth was a learned and very able physician, well remembered by his poem called The Dispensary. He was born in the county of York, and educated at Peter House, in Cambridge, where he regularly took his degrees in physick. He practised in London, and was admitted a fellow of the College of Physicians July 26, 1692, and became one of their censors in 1702. Such was the violence of party at that period, that a Whig conceived he could be no more cured by a Tory physician, than a Tory by a whig practitoner. The Esculapius of the former was Garth; the Tories fell to the lot of Ratcliff. The latter being frightened to death by the threats of the Tories, for not keeping queen Ann alive, as it is said, Garth remained without a rival; and consequently, on the accession of George I. he was appointed physician in ordinary, and physician-general to his army; and the sword of the Hero of Blenheim was made use of in conferring the honour of knighthood upon him. The dispensary led Garth to the Kit Cat Club. Physicians are celebrated in our annals as wits, poets, and virtuosi. Who is ignorant how bright a constellation their names in England make from the time of sir Thomas Browne? Friend, Grew, Mead, Garth, Akenside, Armstronge, Granger, Goldsmith, with others, are remembered with respect Garth, more celebrated for his abilities than his piety, lived an epicure, and died a latitudinarian, taking, as has been reported, a Roman Catholick priest's absolution as a perfect atonement for a life of voluptuousness. He died at Herrow-on-the-hill, January 18, 1718-19, is buried in the church there within the rails of the altar. He said, when expiring, "I am glad of it, being weary of having my shoes pulled on and off." His edition of Ovid's Metamorphoses did not add much to his reputation as a poet. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the Dispensary underwent some alterations in every edition it passed through during the life of the authour, and that every change was still an improvement. As the poet left but little behind him, he appears to have been anxious that that little should be of the best; but in the judgment of our great critick, "This poem still appears to want something of poetical ardour; and something of general delectation; and therefore, since it has been no longer supported by accidental and extrinsick popularity, it has been scarcely able to support itself."

Garth, we have reason to believe, was as universally liked as any private person of his day. He was mild and complacent, though a zealous party-man; and kind, though a wit. Pope, who certainly did not resemble him in those respects, always speaks of him with the most decided affection.

"Well-natured Garth, inflamed with early praise;"

And "If ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be one, Garth was that man." He inscribed to him his second pastoral, rather unluckily, being the worst of the four Lord Lansdowne too addressed some verses to him, when dangerously ill, in a high strain of compliment, which we hope were dictated by the ardour of friendship only.

"Machaon sick! in ev'ry face we find
"His danger is the danger of mankind,
"Whose art protecting, Nature would expire,
"But by a deluge, or the general fire."

And as if this was not enough, mark the conclusion:—

"Sire of all arts, defend thy darling son,
"Restore the man whose life's so much our own;
"On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd,
"And, by preserving Garth, preserve mankind."

"Well meant hyperboles, as lord Orford observes, on another occasion, upon a man who never used any."

His only child, a daughter, married the hon. col. William Boyle His estates in the counties of Warwick, Oxford, and Buckingham, were considerable.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

CURIOUS ENUMERATION OF SCOTCH SONGS.

TO SANDY O'ER THE LEE.

DEAR SANDY.—After getting some *Cauld kail in Aberdeen*, with *John Roy Stewart*, I accompanied him to *The House below the hill*, where *Green Grows the rashes*, and where two or three of *The Merry lads of Ayr*, were taking their *Bottle of Punch*, having lately come from *Don Side*. The landlord was *Johnney M'Gill*, you know he married the *Souter's daughter*; she gave us a very hearty welcome, for *Blyth was she but an' ben*, and when *She came ben she hobbit*, and introduced us to *Maggy Lauder*, *Mary Gray &c. &c.* not forgetting the *Bonny wee thing*; they were all waiting the arrival of *Lucy Campbell* from *Within a mile of Edinbro'*, for you must know Lucy is to be married to *The Ranting Roaring Highlandman*. So down we sat to *Cakes and ale*, and were very happy, when up flew the door and in started a *Soldier laddie*; I thought it had been *Johnney Cumming*, but na' faith, says *Peggy Band*, that's *John Anderson my joe*, from *Bonnie Dundee*, for *He wou'd be a soldier*. Most of us knowing John, we invited him to a seat; he took out his fiddle and was begining to touch *The bush aboon Traquir*, but was stopped by *Duncan Gray*, who begged he would first favour us with *God save the King*: Hang the King, says *Charlie Stewart*, who was immediately knocked down by *Jack the brisk young drummer*, who is a *Bonny bold Soldier*. We all thought that *Lewie Gordon* would have interfered, who was standing in a neuk whistling *Johnney Cope*, when in came the *Wandering Sailor* singing *Hearts of Oak*, with *Black ey'd Susan* in one hand, and *The Oak stick* in the other; and poor Lewie did not like *A' that an' that* but slunk away as pale as *Hosier's Ghost*. *Duncan Davidson* was beginning to cry *Kick the rogue out*, but in the midst of the scuffle we had notice by *Roy's Wife of Aldivallock* of the arrival of the young couple from *Walking o' the fauld*; that the cry was *Busk ye, busk ye, Fy let us a' to the bridal*. By this you will understand, that *Johnny made a weadding o't*. We were just going, when *Jenny Nettles* hinted that the *Ale wife and her barrel* must be paid, on which we bid *The good wife caun lawin*. So each of us had a *Sixpence under our thumb*, and *Jenny's Bawbee* made up the sum. On coming to *The back of the change house*, where the wedding was held, near the *Mill, mill O'*, we were met by *The Lads of Dunse* gallanting the *Lasses of Stewarton*. The best man was *Rattling roaring Willie*, and I assure you *Willie is a wanton wag*. The best maid was *Katherine Ogie*, who is the *Bonniest lass in a' the world*, except *My joe Jenet*.—Our dinner consisted of the *Roast Beef of Old England*, *Lumps of pudding*, *The haggies of Bumbar*, *Bannocks of barley meal &c. &c.* As for myself *There were three eggs in the pan*, and after dinner we had *Dribbles of Brandy*; the whole cry was *Fill the stoup and had it clinking*, and by no means *Drink hooly and fairly*: then *Come gie's a sang, the lady cried*, so *Patie cam's up frae the glen*, and *Whistled ov'r the lave o't*, and sung *Maggy'e tocher*. O if you had seen *Auld Rob Morris* laughing at the *Auld wife ayont the fire*, singing *O as I was kist the streen*. We were now growing *Sae merry as we twa ha'e been*, and some of them began to *Trip upon trenchers*. So the dancing commenced, *The bride cam' in frae the barn*, and led down with one of the *Braw lads of Gala water*, to the tune of *The Campbells are coming*. *The glancing of her apron*, *Silken Snood*, and the *Gowd in her garters* made my heart *Gae pitty patty*. I danc'd a reel with the *Maid of the mill*, and the *Shepherd's wife*, to the tune *I'll mak' you be fain*. *Andrew and his cutty gun* was at *Kiss me sweetly*, with *Bess and gawkie*, whistling the while, *Come kiss me in a corner*. In short, we all danced heartily, and I observed *Jenny dang the weaver*, and *Scoff'd and scorn'd at him*, saying *O gin ye were ane and twenty Tam*. After this we had a *Good night and joy*; I came *Todlin hame, Not drunk nor yet sober*, and expected *A bonny wee house, and a canty wee fire* but I could not *Open the door till three*, nor waken *Sleepy Maggy*. At last *My ain kind dearie* heard me, and *She rose and let me in*. By this time *I was a sleepy body*, and got to bed by the light of *The bonny grey-eyed morn*.

Yours, WILLIE WINKIE.

Thursday in the morning.

George Gascoigne, an old English poet, who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, has lately been raised as it were from the poetical dead, by the ingenious incantations of such wizzards as George Ellis and Henry Headley. These elegant scholars have preserved some of the fairest of Gascoigne's pages, and they are by no means disgraceful to the age in which they were indited. The following which is not without merit, is omitted by Messrs. E. and H. but has been indicated to us by the correct and delicate taste of Samuel Egerton Brydges Esq.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE END OF A WALK IN THE AUTHOUR'S GARDEN.

If any flower that here is grown,
Or any herb may ease your pain,
Take, and account it as your own,
But recompense the like again :
For some and some is honest play,
And so *my wife* taught me to say.

If here to walk you take delight
Why come and welcome, when you will;
If I bid you sup here this night,
Bid me another time, and still
Think some and some is honest play,
And so *my wife* taught me to say.

Thus if you sup, or dine with me,
If here you walk or sit at ease,
If you desire the thing you see,
And have the same your mind to please,
Think some and some is honest play
For so *my wife* taught me to say.

—

AN ECLOGUE.

BY THE LATE C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

SYLVIA.

Come my gentle Rusland, come, forsake this barren mountain,
Lead for me thy thirsty flocks to yon refreshing fountain;
Weary, love, I really am, and sick at heart with sorrow—
For I have been a slave all day, and must be so tomorrow.

Scorch'd with heat, or pinch'd with cold, what serves to say I'm weary ?
Ten long lonely miles must I the fowls to market carry :
I must early rise to lead the cattle forth at morning,
Mine the task to count them too, and fold them at returning.

All the household cares are mine ; I glean in harvest weather ;
At Christmas fetch in wood for fire, and spin whole nights together ;
Ah ! were but my lover by, how easy were my labour !
Not so light the village dance, nor half so brisk the tabor !

Lack-a-day, the moments creep or Rusland loiters sadly;
Mournful does his absence seem—but then we meet more gladly !
Have I miss'd the leafy shade that screens us from intrusion ?
Oh, no, the spot that Lovers choose, admits of no delusion !

Didst thou not young hunter, say, provided I came hither,
We should talk of fairy feats, or sit and sing together ?
Wherefore dost thou tarry then ? If I have any notion,
Swifter than arrow's flight, should be a Lover's motion.

Say, can any artful Nymph, more fair or more prevailing,
Bid thee disannul thy vows, nor heed my sad bewailing ?
Had thy love been true as mine, the Nymph had been rejected ;
Rusland had not linger'd thus, nor Sylvia thus expected.

Oft have I heard wise ones say, " Ye beautiful, believe us,
" Men by nature faithless are, and study to deceive us."
Tell me, Rusland, is it true—can I no more delight thee ?
Indeed no, no, it is not so ; yet why then do you slight me ?

Surely such a courteous youth can never mean to leave me ;
Truth ripen'd on his ruddy lips unfashion'd to deceive me :
What so long detains him then ? May no mishap betide him !
An hour's as tedious as a year, if I am not beside him.

This playful Kid the Hunter saw, full well do I remember,
Shivering, wet, half-starved, and cold, a victim to December :
Up the dangerous steep he climbed, most hazardly to save it,
Pitied it, and nourished it, and to his Mistress gave it.

Go, thou little wanton, go, inform him by by thy bleating
How often I have sigh'd in vain, how long have here sat waiting:
Tell him flowery wreaths I weave to chain my fickle rover,
What my fearful blushes hide, these tell-tale wreaths discover?

Tell him how the roses weep, like me with heads reclining,
Paler all their colour fades, they sicken too with pining;
Tell him though, if he return, his presence will revive them,
Make their bloom more viv'd glow, and sweeter fragrance give them.

Say for him alone I stay, for him shall I be scolded,
Soon must all the goats be milked, at dusk the sheep be folded;
Else silently my father frowns, my cruel step-dame chides me,
And peevishly her fretful son with bitter taunts derides me.

My love is wise, and, so belike, disdains a simple creature;
If so, why did he kiss her cheek, or why so fondly treat her?
Why carve her name on rinds of trees, why comfort her when weeping?
Why tune for her his beechen flute, or watch beside her sleeping?

Soon the nightly dews will fall, the sun is fast decending,
And see along the wat'ry moor the mountain shades extending;
Did he come, the time were short to talk of mutual pleasure,
Oh would the chace were earlier done, or I had longer leisure!

Hereafter I will love no more;—hence, hence, capricious passion:
Rusland's false, and so will I, for falsehood is the fashion:
Methought I heard his distant horn—my resolution's broken;
And that I love my Rusand still, this beating heart's the token.

Human Happiness.

Though the improvement of the understanding be attended with genuine gratification and with signal advantages, these are not to be put in competition with the not less pure and the much more exalted pleasures which flow from the exercise of the social and benevolent affections. Talents, genius, and scientifick leisure may be the portion only of a few; but, as light and air in the physical world are distributed with an unsparing hand, so, in the moral world, the delights of self-approbation, and the endearments of friendship and of love, have been felt and enjoyed in every country, in every age, by the learned and unlearned, by the prince and the mechanick. No individual can command the gifts of fortune: but all carry within themselves the sources of that peace of mind, of which neither fortune nor the world can deprive them. If from weakness or pride, we reject the boon, and allow ourselves to wander in the paths of ambition, or listen to the invitation of vicious pleasures, we have no reason to repine because anxiety, and disappointment, and vexation of spirit, should be our reward.

Still the pleasures and delights which centre in the individual, are of a very inferiour description to those which embrace in their range the feelings and the interests of society; which are animated and exalted by love and gratitude to the benevolent Father of the Universe! By some rare combination of circumstances, the votary of selfish pleasure *may* pass his days without experiencing much bodily pain, or poverty, or sorrow; but he cannot be reckoned happy, at least in comparison with him who places his supreme good in the steady and honourable discharge of the various duties attached to his condition. No wonder, then, that they who prosecute happiness on the most contracted scale, or on an erroneous view of the subject, should stand less high, in the estimation of the wise, than they who uniformly study to derive it from

the sources of both truth and nature.

Human happiness is not unmixed; and we all know, that calamity may visit the dwelling of the good; but we also know that virtue is certainly not more exposed to evil than vice, that it can much better resist its pressure, and that chosen spirits are often formed and trained in the school of adversity.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

O'er the moor a lady fair
Took her way so sadly,
Her face was pale, and loose her hair,
Sweet she sung, though madly:

"I had a lover once, believe me,
His blue eyes shone so mildly,
He's gone, and can I choose but grieve me?
He's lost,—I wander wildly.

Stranger, do not look on me;
What would you discover?
I had a serpent sister; she
It was who stole my lover.

Stranger, do not weep for me,
I am past complaining;
The struggle that you *think* you see,
Is *pride*, my *love* disdaining.

But this struggle will not last,
Not beyond tomorrow;
Life's idle hour I pass so fast,
I leave *behind* my sorrow.

Farewell, stranger, now farewell,
Here I cannot ponder,
Hark! I hear the warning bell,
Death is waiting yonder.

In dim perspective see, oh! see,
His shadowy figure bending,
O'er a small spot, meant for *me*,
Round pale ghosts attending."

Sudden she turn'd, her wounded mind
With wilder frenzy firing,
"Farewell" linger'd on the wind,
My soul with grief inspiring.

Sweet maniack! I do not know,
Tho' sad *thy* lot and dreary,
If happier still thou art not so,
Than of reasoning sorrows weary.

ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENT.

The following is a letter from a lady, dated from the banks of the Marne near Paris. "Far from the noise of the city, in a retreat which the presence of my loved parents rendered agreeable to me, I have attained my twenty-sixth year without thinking of hymen; but the tribute which every mortal must pay to nature having for ever separated me from those who alone received my care, and occupied my thoughts, this retreat, formerly so pleasant, appears a desert, and I feel the necessity of repairing the void which that loss has occasioned. After having borne, beyond the term exacted by decency, but surpassed by my grief, the mournful marks, the tears and regret, which I owe to their memory, I wish to divert my mind from the melancholy which has overwhelmed me for fifteen months, and to unite myself with a prudent man of a mild and complaisant character, holding an honourable situation in the capital, so as to maintain a house above the middling rank. The heiress of five thousand francs a year, I offer him this patrimony. He will find my person rather plump than delicate, rather fresh than beautiful, with more good sense than wit, more of practical philosophy than of science; but a good heart and a flexible character. It is to your sagacity, Mr. Mediator, that I entrust this research, begging you to place me on the list of your subscribers."

EPIGRAM.

When gay Lord Edward, in a lively freak
Kiss'd ancient Margaret—for the dame was kind—
He found, although the rose had left her cheek,
The thorn upon her chin remain'd behind.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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